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OLD SERIES, VOL. 40. CHICAGO, JANUARY 6, 1898. NEW SERIES, VOL. 5

Reading Room Divinity School

RECESSIONAL.

God of our fathers, known of old
Lord of our far-flung-battle line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart.
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

Amen.

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

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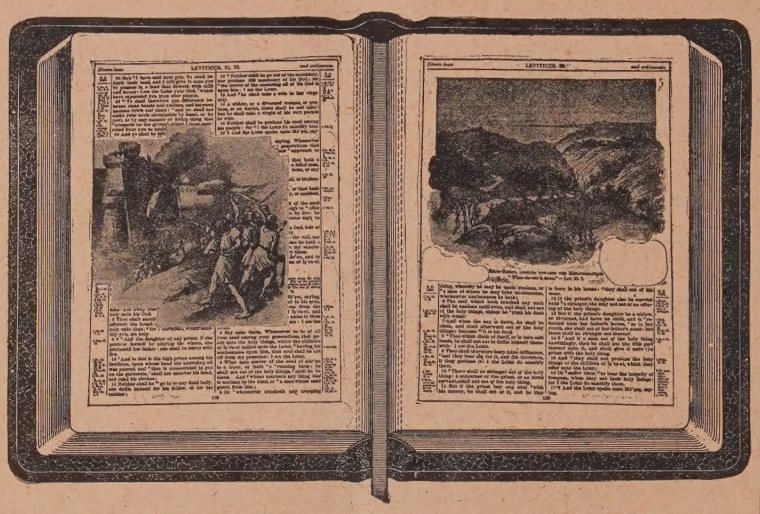

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US, 14. *They overtake the children of Israel*

may serve the E-gŷp´tiaṇs? For *it had been* better for us to serve the E-gŷp´tiaṇs, than that we should die in the wilderness.

13 ¶ And Mō´ṣeṣ said unto the people, [q] Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the LORD, which he will shew to you to day: [2] for the E-gŷp´tiaṇs whom ye have seen to day, ye shall see them again no more for ever.

14 [r] The LORD shall fight for you, and ye

B. C. 1491.

q 2 Chr. 20. 15, 17 Is. 41. 10 13, 14.
2 Or, *for whereas ye have seen the Egyptians to day,* &c.
r ver. 25. Deut. 1. 30; 3. 22 20. 4.

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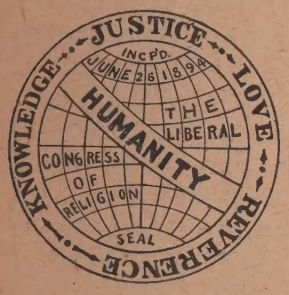
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1898. NUMBER 45



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.
—From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.

Editorial.

NEW YEAR, Exultingly:

Behold new lights resplendent,
Rainbow-rayed, unique and radiant.

HEAVENLY PILGRIM, Joyously:

Glorious! I break encampment
To new tasks my soul is respondent.

OLD YEAR, Reflectively:

My smoking lanterns are now encindered,
But sun and stars shine on unhindered.

HEAVENLY PILGRIM, Prayerfully:

Good Lord, I pray on bended knees,
Twixt lights celestial and lamps Japanese
May I distinguish.

The shooting of Ruiz, in Cuba, will be detested by all decent Americans. It was assassination, and nothing else. If the insurgents have no better sense they had better call for annexation to the United States, and subject themselves to the tutelage of territorial government. There is no aspect of this case that does not shock humanity, and the best thing that the Cubans can do is to degrade the general that did the shooting and send him out of the country. It even looks a good deal like a case of Judas Iscariot.

As will be seen in our news column, Celia P. Woolley, pastor of the Independent Liberal church on the North Side, Chicago, is trying to appropriate so much as is legitimate of the revival method for liberal uses by holding a series of liberal religious revival meetings on week-day nights. We see that a similar work has been carried on at Lodi, Wis., through the joint efforts of J. W. McChord, pastor of the Universalist church at that place, and Lydia K. Commander, pastor of the Unitarian church at Baraboo. There is no reason why the cumulative impression of continuous work on high lines should not quicken mind and heart in the interest of ideas that are consonant with modern thought as effectively as they have in the past quickened the religious life of people on the high lines of the older thought.

Mr. Albert E. Joab, at the fifth anniversary of the First Free church of Tacoma, recently held, had some sensible things to say about the ethics of church membership. His words have a wide application. He said: "For what can be more contemptible than the miserable craven who will contribute to the maintenance of his church and minister only from a fear of the terrors of an orthodox hell, as if there is not a hell far more certain and terrible in its punishments, to wit, the hell born of ignorance and superstition—the hell of violated natural law. The former is merely mythical and chimerical; but the latter is most tragically real, and may be seen about us, on all sides, in every-day life, in all its profoundly pathetic hideousness."

"Dante's Vision of God," is the title of a beautifully printed little holiday book which consists of a critical analysis of this subject by Caroline K. Sherman. Mrs. Sherman is well known as an interpreter of Dante. She has done her work faithfully and strikingly, and still even Dante, certainly when reduced to the prose shortening of even a master hand, scarcely succeeds in touching the spiritual imagination with material pictures concerning the higher realities of the spirit and the profounder mysteries of the divine. Like Angelo, companion master spirit of another realm, his pictures of God are not successful in awakening profound emotions concerning the divine. The age of material representation of spirit or things of the spirit is probably past. Every attempt at materialization is apt sooner or later, to lower not elevate the conception, but as a piece of critical work, as an introduction to the study of Dante's "Vision of Paradise," this book is a valuable contribution.

As our readers well know the work of THE NEW UNITY is done by busy people, often it is at arms length, but we are glad to announce that at last the address of Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell University, given at Nashville, on "Biblical Criticism

and Theological Belief," will be ready to be delivered in pamphlet form by the time this reaches our readers. Single copies, five cents. For missionary uses, three dollars per hundred. Some of our friends have already indicated their intention to give it wide circulation. We await the money that will enable us to pamphlet the address of Prof. Dolbear, on "Science and Theism." The two will carry a missionary message to the thoughtful. They represent the word of students to the studious. Who will help us print Prof. Dolbear's word, and who will help us circulate Prof. Schmidt's message?

The Evangelical Alliance is getting down to business. It proposes to distribute, through the young people's organizations of the country, augmented by the bicycle, sixty millions or more leaflets on "Good Citizenship and Other Truths for the Time." Five admirable little leaflets are at hand bearing the faces and the names on the title page of President Andrews, Prof. John R. Commons, Bishop Huntington, Rev. Josiah Strong, and Washington Gladden, treating respectively of "The Duty of a Public Spirit," "The Co-operative City," "Good Citizenship," "The Civil Sabbath," and "The Church and Present Problems of Citizenship." Further numbers are to come from Carl Schurz, Richard Watson Gilder, Dr. Shaw, Godkin, Roosevelt, Charles D. Warner, Dr. Parkhurst, E. E. Hale, and others. What a splendid outlook. What good work. We would like to belong to the alliance that makes this kind of work its business.

"Some Sides of Homer," is a little pamphlet containing a study recently read by William Kent before the Quadrangle club of the University of Chicago. This little book, privately printed, is a perplexity to whoever will read it. It is too full of humor to be taken as a serious piece of work, and it is obviously too good a piece of work to be taken as a joke. The unsophisticated is still more confused by the sub-title of a "Smoke Talk." We object to the obscuration. It reads well in the clear light of an unclouded atmosphere, and one needs pure air to fully enjoy it. Let the smoke be used, if at all, to ameliorate stupidity. Mr. Kent has had so much to do of late years in fighting corruption in city councils and in talking plain about public affairs in general that in this foray into the land of Homer he has been unable to leave his vernacular behind him. The classic phrases of Chicago appear in strange juxtaposition with the classic sentences of Greece. Altogether we know not how to characterize what it is, we are sure that there is something in it that sets the mind a going. It breaks up the conventional movements of the heart. These unrealities leave the reader a little more real.

A correspondent from the interior of the state in a private letter says: "A number of years ago I started NEW UNITY to work in a little town twelve miles to the West of here. You have no conception of how much good it has done. While most of it is still below the surface I who come in touch with the inside workings of the movement, know what is going on. There is no getting around the fact that the great thinking world is pushing for our gospel. When I see the hypocrisy, the indifference to all the desires for the cultivation of soul among the generation of young people who have been trained in church and Sunday school it makes my heart bleed for them. Unless you have a chance to come into close touch with them you will not mistrust it. No wonder that the Episcopalian clergyman who writes in the last New World calls our young people 'pagans.' But whose fault is it? It lies at the doors of those religious teachers who have suppressed or garbled the truth and it will not be cured until they come out and honestly confess their sins and accept and apply the truth. I only wish we had a thousand Liberal Congresses where we now have but one. But we must work and wait."

We may, as American citizens, at last indulge in an honest discussion of the Pension abuse, without bringing on our heads the charge of disloyalty to our old soldiers, if not indeed to the Union itself. The shamelessness with which one-third of all the taxes that have been ground out of the people have been used to pay a debt, not to old soldiers, but to an increasing hoard of paupers, has about come to an end. The New York Sun places us under great obligations for having dared the consequences and made the expose as complete as possible. Three hundred and seventy-eight thousand pensions have been granted under the Act of 1890. There are more "survivors" drawing pensions than there are actual survivors of the war. The increase of pensioners in 1896 was over twelve thousand. There were fifty thousand new pensions granted during the year, but death and other causes removed over thirty thousand. In 1866 pensions cost us $13,500,00, in 1876 they cost us $28,000,000, in 1886 $64,000,000, in 1896 $108,000,000. The generous citizens may presume that the cost not long after the war measured very nearly the just debt that we owed to disabled survivors. At any rate, with the country unable to meet its indebtedness, and pay its current expenses, even after twenty-five uplifts of direct and indirect taxation, the question is a fair one if we should be called upon to pay $143,000,000 in 1898 for carrying on a war closed over a third of a century ago

We have elsewhere in this number urged the claims of the church—some church, for support on the

part of every one. May we further remind our readers that though the church must have a very definite center, happy if that center be a geographical and humanitarian rather than a theological and sectarian center. But the church should throw the rim that marks its circumference far away. That church dies for want of an atmosphere that does not relate itself to large causes, to wide interests. The church must live for others and for ideas, and he who only has a care for the home church sadly neglects and stultifies that church. THE NEW UNITY presents to our readers its New Year's petition on behalf of the Liberal Congress as expressed through the columns of this journal and the work it tries to do. As last year, we are permitted to announce that five-dollar memberships to the Liberal Congress received through this office will entitle one to a year's subscription to THE NEW UNITY, and constitute one an annual member of that organization. The work of the Liberal Congress is just beginning and it is for us to carry it on. The readers of THE NEW UNITY must furnish the body guard, the skirmish line and the advancing column. Let us have a large number of NEW UNITY annual members of the Liberal Congress this year. The fiscal year of the Congress ends June 1st. How many recruits can we muster by that time. One hundred, three hundred, or five hundred? The answer depends not upon the resources so much as upon the devotion of our readers, for where there is a will there is a way, even in hard times.

Prince Henry, of Germany, is well tutored by his religiously insane brother. He has recently addressed his puissence as "Most Serene Emperor, Most Powerful King, and Lord, Illustrious Brother!" Why not Orient the fellow completely, as Lord of the White Elephant, or King of Three Thousand Palaces, Pasha of Three Tails? Or why not borrow titles of Sitting Bull, or those of Pawnee, Not-Afraid-of-the-Pawing Buffalo? The fact is, modern civilization has swept up all of these titles as rubbish, and the use of them indicates social degeneracy. These extravagancies of Dei Gratia monarchy cannot but bring into contempt the diseases of imperialism. Prince Henry adds "I am only animated by one desire, to proclaim abroad to all who will hear, as well as to others who will not hear, the gospel of your most consecrated person." Is this a new Crusade? Have we a new Mohammedism, and is the determination of European Powers to parcel out the world between them, a fanatic outbreak, which we shall have sooner or later to deal with as republicans? The German navy has begun with Hayti where the game was sure. Bismarck has hurled at us that the Monroe Doctrine is an impertinence on our part, and must be ignored by Europe. Our place now is just where Jefferson and Monroe placed us, in full accord with Anglo Saxon England. Give us the Arbitration treaty, and a limited alliance against despotisms. E. P P.

Church Subscriptions.

This is the time when most of the churches are arranging for their finances for the next year. Church treasurers are waiting anxiously to see how many of the old members will continue to subscribe, and how many new ones will fall into line. The administration will be curious to know how many of those who more or less promptly cut down their subscription on the approach of the hard times will now restore or enlarge it as promptly on the return of prosperity, a fact which they will argue in business circles, but about which they probably will remain non-committal when the church treasurer is around. A subject of such universal interest, so intimately related to the well being and growth, not only of the individual, but of the community, deserves scientific study for there are few, however radical they may be in their theology or sociology, but who will admit in some way or another that the church is a permanent factor in human life, and that religion in its organized form is to stay and grow. All rational criticism on existing churches is in the interest of a nobler construction rather than a total destruction of the church. At least, we affirm that this is the attitude of every reader of THE NEW UNITY, and so we give the first editorial of the year to a study of church subscriptions and subscribers.

Church subscribers may be conveniently divided into four classes as follows:

1. Those who wait until the year is nearly at an end to see how they will come out, and then after all other demands are met in their order, including club fees, theatre, opera, social debts in the way of parties and receptions, vacation expenses, if possible, then if any fag-ends of the income remain, a "donation" is made to the church with the regret "it is not more but it is all I can do this year. Next year perhaps I can do more." This treating the church as the last of the luxuries, as a superfluity in life, as something very good to support if one can afford it is, we suspect, a point of view peculiarly American, more western than eastern, let us hope. This attitude indicates a moral indifference, a spiritual indolence that is perhaps the most alarming quality in American life. He who in the integrity of his intellect opposes the church, who out of a bitter experience, or as it seems to us, a narrow attitude, has recoiled from every form of religious organization, may still be comparatively a safe and saving factor in society. His integrity is at least religious, his uprightness and downrightness concerning the matter is ethical. His criticisms are wholesome and the withdrawal of his support may be disciplinary. But the indulgent patron of the

church, the fair weather Christian, the father and mother who go to church when convenient and let their children go to the Sunday-school that is nearest and which they seem to enjoy the most, these are a menace to the moral growth and spiritual integrity of the community in which they live. Whatever such give to the church in the manner indicated is more than the church can give to them. The church, treated as a luxury, has no blessing to give in return, and the church supported out of the fag ends of selfish incomes, be they large or small, is unsupported.

2. The second class is made up of those who frankly and generously recognize the claims of the church upon the community. It is one of the institutions which must be supported and at the beginning of the year they make their contribution and enter it upon the ledger among the "charities;" a fixed sum, "this much and no more." The proportion is fixed, the perspective must not be marred. The church must take its place among the hospitals, fresh air funds, out-of-door relief and pauper helps, and the sum set aside for this "charity" is generally determined after an inspection of the budget and some examination of what the others pay rather than an examination of one's own income, the benefit derived by himself and his family and the service rendered, the *quid pro quo.* This man does not so dispose of the educational interests of himself or his family. If he belongs to the club he pays his *dues,* supports it to its success, or confesses his unwillingness to bear his share of the legitimate burden. If he has children at school he does not say to the management "I am only going to pay so much this year, but my child must have the full benefits." Such a man does not often hold that relation to his wife's dressmaker and milliner bills, but will pay so long as he has money the bills incurred even to the bird on the hat. The church, as a "charity," is a fiction of the business man, it is a fallacy in bookkeeping, and this "charity" giver to the church is very likely soon to find other charities that bring results more spectacular, yield larger and quicker statistics of returns, and he is more ready to consider the reasons for lessening than for increasing his subscription.

3. The third class contains the men who subscribe with a financial reservation, giving at the beginning of the year minimum, expecting before the end of the year to be forced to the maximum, and alas! this self-protective policy is well grounded in experience. For this class of subscribers the church itself is most responsible. The American church has invented such a large list of hypothetical sources of revenue; it has such a long list of money-making industries that are so uncertain that without this heavy balance wheel of the conservative giver, the church would ever be fluctuating between extravagance and bankruptcy. Not until the church gives up its indirect financiering, its extravagant economies, its circuitous taxation which draws the hundred dollars out of a parish in materials, time, strength, and health, in order to make ten dollars clear profit in the oyster supper or the church bazaar, will there be any hopes of reducing this third class. When the church budget is made out at the beginning of the year with as much business scruple and confidence as is the budget of any other human organization doing legitimate business, and when it is known that the only way of meeting the expectation of this budget is through the interest and direct support of those who believe in it, then the minimum subscriber will have no excuse for his meanness at the beginning of the year, but he and his fellows will see to it that there be no arrearages at the end of the year to clear up. In short, the third class will disappear, the members thereof joining the—

4. Fourth class who recognize in the church an institution that is not a "luxury" or a "charity," but a "necessity," not only in the life of the community but of the individual, a help which he cannot afford to dispense with in the education and rearing of his children, in the sanctities of his home, and he thinks of this claim not as a charity, but a debt, and he meets it not in the spirit of pity, but in the spirit of honesty, as one who means to pay his obligations, and his obligations in this direction are "in proportion as he is prospered." The church representing the ideals of life can, like the government, live on the *pro rata* and not *per capita* tax. The old principle of the tithes was rooted in justice. The widow with her two mites gave more in the eyes of the Master than they who with lavish hand, threw away their superabundance. This fourth class does not try to drive a close bargain with the church. They know that meanness here is meanness to themselves, and that if anybody is cheated they cheat their own. But he gives early, gives in proportion as he is prospered, gives also with a mental reservation of giving more if more is given him or if legitimate need presses. Such giving and such givers imply a church that meets their needs and satisfies so far as human institutions can, their heart's desire and mental hunger; such givers may be found and are found in Catholic, Jewish, orthodox and heterodox congregations, but they are made up of only such as believe the creed they profess, and who desire to practice the faith they espouse.

We are confident that the chief elements in church financiering are hinted at in what is already said. Questions of methods are comparatively unimportant, certainly until the question of the spirit is determined, but after that methods are important. At another time we may dwell at more length upon

the advantages of the envelope system, which helps one to give weekly thought to his higher needs and to pay out of a running income his running debt to the church. It has its inconveniences, the chief, that it requires continuous thoughtfulness on the part of the contributor and as continuous labor on the part of the officers. But whether this method or another is followed, another principle is obvious, the unit in the fourth class is not the home or the family, but the individual who holds a purse, every individual. In these days of wifely individuality, when even children are encouraged to administer their own little incomes and carry their own little purses, it is a pitiful inconsistency that this one interest which touches woman's life and children's life most continuously and helpfully, should be entirely removed from the direct sacrifice of giving, on the theory that husband and father pays the church bills. The wife does not carry her club bills to her husband. Her contributions to the suffrage movement are personal. When there is a collection for the temperance cause she has money for it. The children will sacrifice for kindergarten trees and for charity dinners. Why not teach them early to recognize their obligation to the high school of morals, the college of the spirit? Let all the children and the women and the men join the fourth class of church supporters, and the first three classes will disappear by a process of reabsorption of the lower into the higher.

"All for love," the violins cried:
So Nature calls through all her systems wide,
Give me thy love, O man, so long denied.

Much time is run, and man hath changed his ways,
Since Nature, in the antique fable-days,
Was hid from man's true love by proxy fays,
False fauns, and rascal gods that stole her praise.

The nymphs, cold creatures of man's colder brain,
Chilled Nature's streams till man's warm heart was fain
Never to lave its love in them again.

Later a sweet Voice "Love thy neighbor" said:
Then first the bounds of neighborhood outspread
Beyond all confines of old ethnic dread.
Vainly the Jew might wag his covenant head
"All men are neighbors," so the sweet Voice said.

—*Sidney Lanier.*

What a vast proportion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the future—either our own or that of our dear ones! Present joys, present blessings, slip by, and we miss half their sweet flavor, and all for want of faith in Him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeam. O, when shall we learn the sweet trust in God that our little children teach us every day by their confiding faith in us—we who are so mutable, so faulty, so irritable, so unjust, and He who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving? Why cannot we, slipping our hands into His each day, walk trustingly over that day's appointed path, thorny or flowery, crooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us sleep, peace, and home? —*Phillips Brooks.*

Soul strength comes from the free exercise of one's own will and not from following the will of some other soul.—*Mary Alling Aber.*

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

The House by the Side of the Road.

"He was a friend to man, and he lived in a house by the side of the road."—*Homer.*

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the corner seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

—*Sam Walter Foss.*

Stoning the Prophets.

In the New Testament those who stoned the living prophets and built their sepulchres when they were dead were condemned by Jesus in language unmistakably severe. It is as if in order to avoid his malediction that a habit has of late been much illustrated and encouraged of stoning the prophets who are dead and gone, as if that proceeding would meet the requirement of the good Galilean. The white-washing of sundry and divers rascals was perhaps overdone, and so now, to adjust the balance, we have a rage for the belittlement of the heroic and renowned. Happy the man who can show that they were no better than they should have been; that "the true George Washington" did various doubtful and discreditable things; that Alexander Hamilton indulged himself in a most indiscreet and miserable liaison, and so on. It is a great incentive to this temper to be a political partisan and to take a contract for the glorification of this or that particular party against all others.

Few are the men who are able to conceive that any great event or movement in society has more than one cause, and hence, if there is any other suggested than the one which they particularly affect, it must be set aside as of no possible account. In fact, the processes of history are exceedingly complex. Herbert Spencer argued that every cause has more than one effect. It is just as true that every great effect has more than one cause. That "God fulfills himself in many ways" is true of every great historical development. Innumerable are the causes entering into the social and political events which report the tendencies of many generations and affect those of as many. "All wranglers and all wrong" are those who can see only one cause or set of causes. Not this *or* that, but this *and* that, is necessary to explain even imperfectly a

political or religious revolution. The dramatic instinct craves the simple and especially the personal explanation. So does not the historical and psychological spirit.

We are moved to these considerations by the narrowness which characterizes many discussions of the great anti-slavery movement which culminated in our civil war, and especially by several depreciations of the abolitionists, that have appeared from time to time, notably the lives of James G. Birney and Gov. Robinson, of Kansas, and Mr. Eli Thayer's "Guide to Posterity for the better Appreciation of Himself," as his account of the New England Emigrant Aid Society has been felicitously called. With sincere regret, we notice that Dr. Lyman Abbott has recently joined himself to this assembly, and that, too, with a great deal of violence, in a lecture upon Beecher's anti-slavery career, in which he endeavored to exculpate Beecher from any taint of Abolitionism.

Very interesting in this connection is the elaborate article of James Freeman Clarke on the "Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America," which has recently been reprinted in a volume of his papers, "Nineteenth Century Questions." Himself an Abolitionist, and afterwards a Republican and still an Abolitionist, he was not blind to any of the foibles of his old associates, nor did these foibles blind him to their sterling qualities and the importance of their work. One would think to hear or read many recent tirades against the Abolitionists that they were principally responsible for the pro-slavery spirit North and South, and especially for its bitterness. Dr. Leonard W. Bacon has recently conceded that Nat. Turner's insurrection had something to do with it, but a deeper cause was the increased value and efficiency of slave labor brought about by the invention of the cotton gin. As for the bitterness of the pro-slavery sentiment it was no doubt intensified by the Abolitionist assault, but Dr. Clarke goes nearer to the root of it when he suggests that it resulted from the sub-conscious lack of conviction on the part of the pro-slavery leaders. Nothing makes a man so bitter as to find himself contending for a cause in which he does not heartily believe.

It is entirely possible to find much that was faulty in the logic and in the method of the Abolitionists, and yet accord to them an honorable and exalted place in the great anti-slavery crusade. Without political anti-slavery, and without the red right arm of war, the Abolitionists could not have destroyed slavery. But then, too, on the other hand, political anti-slavery and the war-power could not have done it by themselves. What the Abolitionists did was to furnish a moral hatred of slavery and a demand for its destruction which, when we came to the "exchange of ideas at the cannon's mouth," inspired and finally possessed the national government, and made its vast material forces instruments of their righteous will. We must not forget that the Republican platform in 1856, and again in 1860, accepted, at least tacitly, the Fugitive-Slave Law and assented to the continuance of slavery in the District of Columbia. Mr. Rhodes, in his great history of the United States, since the compromises of 1850, finds the Republicans of 1860 and 1861 standing grudgingly, and yet squarely, upon the ground of these compromises. Here was not a temper that boded ill to slavery in the Southern States, or that could be relied on to convert the war into an engine for shattering it to pieces. It was the Abolitionist temper alone which could be relied upon for such a conversion. This temper passing into the more radical Republican leaders made it impossible for the National Government to go on with its early work of slave-catching and like horrible amenities; made it impossible for the war to go on and not have a double object—the preservation of the Union and the emancipation of the slave.

It has often been remarked that we must look to Voltaire as the prophet of the revolution of '89, and to Rousseau as the prophet of the revolution of '93. We had here in America two men related in much the same way to the earlier and later stages of the civil war. They were Webster and Garrison. It was Webster who inspired the earlier spirit of the war, the spirit of Jackson's famous message, "The Union must and shall be preserved." It was not only the Webster of the great speeches against Hayne and Calhoun who did this, but the Webster of Whittier's "Ichabod" for the "Seventh of March Speech," if great in its iniquitious concessions to the slave power was also great in its passionate devotion to the union of these states.

But not more surely was it Webster who inspired the north in its first great uprising than it was Garrison, working in and through hundreds and thousands who had read the *Liberator* and caught the enthusiasm of his mighty zeal for liberty, who inspired the North, as time went on, to take occasion by the hand, and make the bounds of freedom so wide as the boundaries of the Union in its full length and breadth. It is not meet that every light offence should bear its comment where there was such energy of righteousness as there was here; much less that the Abolitionists should be decried as men who hindered the great consummation more than they helped it on.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

Elevate the Worship.

Those who participate in public worship as conducted in our popular evangelical churches are mostly inspired with a good purpose, though there is often present a childish spirit of self-complaisance hardly commendable. This spirit grows out of a conception of the church as a sort of ark, wherein the members have wisely and fortunately ensconsed themselves, while outside are the foolish and the wicked, exposed to some impending disaster, vague and chaotic as yet, but awful to contemplate. There is also present the idea that the communicants are God's especial favorites, a most ancient idea, toothless, mumbling in its dotage.

These thoughtless worshipers are impressed more by their material surroundings than they will admit. Worship being mostly conducted in rooms, the impression is unconsciously conveyed to the people's minds that heaven is upstairs, in a place overhead, where a great, vague form called God sits on a throne, and hell is located beneath, in the dark, dank, cellarage, the habitat of rats and stray curs, and perhaps this all grows out of a habit people have, however level headed and worldly wise at other times, of contracting their minds within the

limits of a most narrow ideality as soon as services begin, and never emerging therefrom till the benediction is pronounced, when they come bouncing out gaily enough, chattering like sparrows and smiling as if they were all glad they had got back again. While under this spell, which can be shaken off only with a resolute effort, the universe contracts to a delightfully small affair and the congregation floats noiselessly away from the shores of reality, and glides along on the gently flowing tide of oblivion, conscious all the while that time will bring the boat around and tie up at the starting place. It is a sort of excursion.

The good old hymns of the Wesleys and their contemporaries have mostly been displaced now by what might be termed Sunday-school love songs, in which Jesus is used as a handy substitute, by love-lorn souls, for that ideal person—name and sex not given—who is in their minds. Nor should people be blamed too harshly in this, for they cannot help it. It is an indication of the adolescence of humanity, which has now attained that tender age —eighteen or so—when it "makes woeful ballads" to its lover's eyebrows.

It will be observed that there is little popular interest manifested in the occasional or regular sermon, when much wisdom and eloquence is wasted on the obdurate hearts of empty pews, but great interest is manifested in the protracted effort, because it offers attractions in the way of sensations and scenes, for anything in that line is dear to a crowd of Americans anywhere. They love scenes, especially if somebody else is making the scene and it do n't cost the spectators anything.

When in one or various ways some outsider is induced to think he is in danger and he desires to get inside, a strange scene occurs, often drawn out to a length most harrowing to a sensitive person. Without visible cause, a prey to fears artificially engendered, a victim of imaginary woes, the patient shuts his eyes to the beautiful world of sunshine and flowers and birds and human smiles, and plunges into a gulf of darkness and tears. Hard-hearted must be the man who would lead a fellow to such depths. But, no he must do his duty, he avers, souls must be saved if bright eyes are dimmed.

At length occurs a strange phenomenon. From tears and wailings the mourner springs to hysterical shouts and laughter. Having relieved his pent-up feelings, light begins to penetrate the gloom, like sunshine after rain. It is the same old light—gas light or petroleum—but it shines with a renewed lustre in those tear-blurred eyes, and seems next thing heaven. He concludes he has passed the danger and is glad. Usually the paroxysm soon passes off, but sometimes for days, weeks, even years, that soul walks through life in an ecstasy. And the hand of God is in it all. He sees his children coming on, but ah! they choose such queer ways.

MAYLON JONES.

The books I cannot hope to buy,
Their phantoms round me waltz and wheel,
They pass before the dreaming eye,
Ere sleep the dreaming eye can seal.
A kind of literary reel
They dance; but fair the bindings shine,
Prose cannot tell them what I feel,—
The books that never can be mine!
—*Andrew Lang.*

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

Eighteen Hundred Ninety-seven.

THE ANNUAL REVIEW.

A SERMON PREACHED AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, JANUARY 2, 1898.

Here we are at another station, stopping a moment to take on and to put off freight, to bid adieu and welcome to passengers who go and come, to sound the wheels, to feel the journals, to take on wood and water and to oil up for another run. It has been a short run. The train of life speeds through the twelve month-miles with ever-increasing speed. And still as we flew along how much passed before the eye, how many times did we scan the horizon eagerly, and perhaps as many times did the eye weary and the head nod with sheer weariness. In these twelve months the panorama of the world has moved through war to peace; it has reached from famine to festival; from hunger, sickness, and despair to luxury, health, and enthusiasm. During these twelve months we have listened to marriage bells and to funeral anthems. It has all passed so quickly, the incidents in the journey came upon us so rapidly and passed from us as rapidly that it is hard to particularize. It is difficult to enumerate. Although we have seen so much, heard so much, read so much, and felt so much, here we are at the end of the year with a sense perchance of depletion at least of confusion, with half distinct memories, a long column of disappointments and failures, a short column of gains.

But surely there ought to be some conscious gains. It must be that we can point out some definite profits, some real treasure accumulated during the year 1897 from which we would not part, the value of which we cannot estimate, treasures bought now by tears and now by smiles, treasures exchanged for sweat and fatigue, treasures endeared by heart-aches and head-aches.

Who will post for us the books of life? How can we make an inventory of the stock now in hand and check off those things that have been added during the year?

We will not try to remember too much. There are some things that are best forgotten. It is not well to hug either our joys or our sorrows too persistently. The housewife sprinkles her muslin. The water does not remain but the bleaching is advanced and the muslin grows whiter. The dew does not stay but the lawn is the greener for its having been there. So it is of the untold sensations, the million emotions. The passing smiles, the kisses and the tears of eighteen hundred and ninety-seven are not to be catalogued. They cannot be enumerated, but they have, let us hope, bleached our lives somewhat, deepened the verdure on the broad lawns of the spirit. Let us forget generously. "Spiritual Progress by the Oblivion of the Past" is the subject of one of Frederick W. Robertson's great sermons. "Forgetting the things that are behind, pushing forward to the things that are before," is the trumpet tone of Paul.

But there is such a thing as blessed memory. There are deposits placed in the upper stratas of life where consciousness and memory should delight to dwell.

Let us ask of these, What of the treasures of eighteen hundred ninety-seven? Let revealing death first answer. Death quickens memories and fixes the impressions as no other angel-servant of God does. Not to effect any measure of completeness in any of the counts that I bring you today, let us seek a touch of sanctity and benediction upon the year just gone by mentioning a few names. For the children's sake, the boys who have been delighted and thrilled, not always wisely, perhaps seldom to their permanent profit, but intensely to their present pleasure and passing joy, I mention the name of Oliver Optic. In the ripe seventy-fifth year he dropped the pen that had written a hundred volumes besides from eight hundred to a thousand short stories. He might almost be called "The inventor of the story for boys." He died working away upon the last volume in his "Starry Flag" series. He will live certainly as long as any boys of his generation survive. William T. Adams was more than a story teller for boys. He was a broad, sympathetic man, a worthy product of New England life and ancestry; he had been a member of the state legislature, a successful teacher, editor of one of the oldest teachers' journals, *The Student and Schoolmate*, besides filling kindly and wisely the offices of citizen, husband, and father.

Such are the distractions of the printed page that death, the revealer, must needs touch benignantly the memory of Jean Ingelow to remind even those who loved her of how well she worked. Jean Ingelow was a maiden mother who spent her life in kindly ways, writing poems that delighted James Russell Lowell, Tennyson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the children of the grammar schools of America and England. Of her it is said, "Her fame was made in a month." Over two hundred thousand copies of her works have been sold in America. Her most famous poem is entitled "Songs of Seven"; next, perhaps, "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire." Of the widow's cry in "Songs of Seven," Queen Victoria wrote to her "You have touched my sad heart most tenderly." Like Tennyson, Browning, and Whittier, she sang the swan song in her last poem "Longing for Home."

Another genial singer whose song has outreached the slender personality was Coventry Patmore, whose "Angel in the House" reached two hundred thousand copies; a shy, mystical, unsuccessful man whose masterpiece portrays the real angel in the house, who could with surprising sweetness entertain Tennyson and Ruskin while she was doing her own work, making with her own needle not only the clothes for herself and six children but largely those worn by her poet husband. Let gentle memories rise with the thought of Coventry Patmore and let the "Angel in the House" be studied by the married and those who seek marriage. It is said that the thin, hungry-looking youth, before he ventured to propose to Emily Andrews, loaned her a copy of Emerson's essays, asking her to mark the passages that struck her most favorably. When the book was returned he was delighted to find that she had struck upon his favorite passages, and so he ventured. "The result was," Mr. Gosse, his nearest friend, says, "the most cheerful, the most graceful, the most dignified household that ever was supported on such a tiny pittance."

Some years ago, in an annual review, I told you that the book that had received the widest circulation during the year was Henry Drummond's "The Greatest Thing in the World," a poem sermon, first delivered at the Moody Bible School at Northfield, Mass. Henry Drummond exemplified the gospel he preached. He was a "knight without reproach." Gentle and generous were his impulses. That must have been a large nature that was sought by Moody and Sankey as a companion in their evangelistic travels in Great Britain, and by Professor Geike as a companion in his geological researches in the Rocky Mountains, and that enabled him to accept both invitations. It would seem that we could scarcely have spared Professor Drummond this year, for he was becoming more and more skilled in the high task, not only of reconciling religion to science but of fortifying religion by science. His "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," published in 1883, was a great book for the time. It helped people in their transit from dogma to reason. But it was a ferry and not a bridge. It was a book which he himself outgrew in due time. It did but prepare the way for his greater and very different work, "The Ascent of Man." Henry Drummond died in the forty-sixth year of his age, leaving behind him another name in the long list of spiritual seers which Scotland has given to the world.

Coming over to America, a kindred spirit to Henry Drummond was Edward D. Cope the great teacher of comparative biology in the University of Pennsylvania; a Philadelphian by birth who won eminence in many directions. Like Leverrier who foretold the planet before it was discovered, Prof. Cope predicted the discovery of a five-toed ancestor to the horse, and later along he was enabled to demonstrate that the hoofed mammal had a clawed ancestor in the Cretaceous period. Prof. Cope was a philosopher as well as a scientist. Perhaps he was the foremost among evolutionists to make not only a place *for* but need *of* mind in the order of nature.

In 1859, Alvan G. Clark, of Cambridge, Mass., made an object glass eighteen and a half inches in diameter which then startled the scientific world. In 1873, he made for the Washington Observatory a twenty-six inch objective. In 1880, St. Petersburg was enriched by a thirty inch glass from his hand. A few years later the Lick Observatory boasted of the biggest glass, and it also was made by Mr. Clark, thirty-six inches in diameter. Last summer Mr. Clark brought to the Yerkes Observatory his last in the series of great lenses, a glass forty inches in diameter. Two weeks later the great telescope maker died without a successor. Thus are the achievements of science won by diligence and fidelity. Their successes are conditioned by the conditions that make for greatness in human character, patience, diligence, and above all unflinching integrity in every detail.

One more American and I must pass on. Before October 29th, Henry George's name suggested chiefly a theory of taxation, latterly a leader of a political forlorn hope in New York city. But since

that date, Henry George has been seen in his true proportions, a great friend of man, a spokesman for the masses, a believer in the better time to come, an advocate of righteousness in public affair, a mouthpiece of the living God of justice. His theory may not be adequate to the occasion. It will not succeed if it is not equal to the emergency and cannot be made true to the ultimate demand, but the spirit in which it was conceived and the splendid power with which it was enforced, the great honest heart coupled with the clear brain is to stay with us. Henry George died gloriously, and who will not say that he died at the right time and in the right way? Died at the very moment his tongue was tipped with fire. His great heart literally burst its sheath, escaped its turmoils. Well did the *Evening Post* of New York say:

"The moral law, for the first time in city politics, we may say, spoke through him to the masses. There were no mincing, no allowance, no courtesy, no compliments or qualifications, such as have been showered on some other city thieves and reprobates, nothing but the Ten Commandments in their naked majesty. For this we honor his memory."

For this also do we mention his name with honor in this review of the year.

Turning now from the great men to their achievements. Notwithstanding reaction in certain quarters, science still has the floor. The man who works in the spirit of science and represents the scientific method of seeking facts, fitting what theories may be necessary onto the facts rather than seeking theories and fitting the facts into them is still the same man. We trust him and we are looking to him more and more for guidance and hope. Clearly the hero of the year has been Nansen; he who carried the human flag two hundred miles farther into the unexplored north than ever before; only two hundred and sixty miles more to go. His achievement is not the last. Man will continue in the quest and he will reach there. All the failures hasten the triumph. Some of these days the determination of civilization will become so settled and unanimous in this quest that it will settle down to the big task of constructing a railroad all the way there, keeping up the line of communication with the base of supplies open summer and winter until the goal is reached and what of mystery there may hang around it is solved. The money spent by the so-called "Powers" of civilization on battle-ships and fortifications each year would push such an enterprise vigorously, and inside of twenty years the goal would be reached. The exploring spirit of Nansen is working in other directions. The mounds of Assyria are still being probed and the hieroglyphs of Egypt are being deciphered.

From year to year we have rejoiced in the unfolding life of the North; accumulative evidence that the Vikings, who in the middle ages sailed the northern shores did not die without a posterity. Alfred Nobel, a Swede, this year left one of the most magnificent bequests ever dedicated to science. A fortune of ten million dollars for five annual prizes, three of them wholly scientific, these prizes to be awarded to the persons who, during each year may have made the most important discoveries in physics, in chemistry and in physiology; another prize to the one who shall have produced the greatest work in the domain of letters; and to the one who shall have done the most towards the establishment of universal peace. The prizes in physics and chemistry are to be awarded by the Academy of Science of Sweden. The prize in physiological or medical science by the Corolus Institute of Stockholm; the literary prize by the Swedish Academy, and that for the spreading of peace by a committee of five persons chosen by the Norwegian Storthing. The magnificent spirit of the Nineteenth Century speaks through the great Swede when he says, "It is my express will that no consideration of nationality shall be taken into account in awarding these prizes, so that the most worthy will receive the reward whether he be a Skandinavian or no." The climacteric fact concerning this crowning bequest of the century is yet to be stated. Alfred Nobel was the inventor of dynamite, and his fortune came largely through this great invention. He who so augmented the terrors of war, added so immensely to the weapons of destruction, turns the guns of war in upon itself. Great Nobel! If in the interest of truth I must later along enumerate some of the sad facts and the depressing tendencies of the year, let his name call us back to our courage and to our hopefulness. Still further, this story of poetic justice of war denuding itself is to be carried; if newspaper rumor is to be trusted, the first of the peace'prizes is to be awarded to the great Russian artist Vereschatgen whose terribly truthful pictures of war have struck terror and agony into hundreds of thousands of hearts of Europe and America. So great missionaries of peace were these pictures that it was rumored that some cities of Germany denied them the privilege of public exhibition because they depressed the recruiting service. But popular science did not wait for these hundred thousand dollars in annual prizes, for science is its own inspiration. Individuals are busy at work in every department. The converting of electricity direct from coal has been brought a little nearer during the year. Edison has probably revolutionized the iron business by the discovery which enables him to separate the iron ore from other crushed elements by electricity. Prof. Farmer was on the way of applying the same principle in the separation of gold when he died. Horseless carriages, that in 1896 were a joke, are already delivering goods upon our streets and soon will be the pleasure of our citizens; while W. H. Preece, the head of the British government telegraph, in connection with Marconi, an Italian inventor, has been busy this year at Penarth, Wales, perfecting the apparatus for telegraphing without wires, communicating with the light ships a mile or more from shore, and this is done we are told by the controlling of waves of something, call it ether, electricity or what not, that count two hundred and fifty million beats per second. With this telegraphy without wires almost in reach, the long distance typewriter which has been perfected this year seems an easy and a small thing. This enables one to sit down in New York and work the ordinary keyboard of a Remington typewriter, and his manuscript is reeled off in Boston.

While men are thus diligently groping their way into the heart of nature, contributing so magnificently not only to the knowledge but to the reverence of the human soul, bringing an undevout age so to speak upon its knees, compelling souls hardened by religious dogma and pretension to uncover their heads in the presence of the awful sanctities of

nature, let it be also recorded in our annual exhibit that from quite another quarter, a quarter where such irreverence is least justifiable and least expected, an awful and wicked denudation of nature is going on, all for the sake of superficial style and fleeting fashion. Mrs. Edward Phillips at the annual meeting of the Selborne Society held in London, this year said, "On the 13th day of April last nearly half a million birds were sold at auction in London," the details of the consignment being as follows:

Osprey plumes	11,352	ounces
Vulture plumes	186¾	pounds
Peacock feathers	215,051	bundles
Birds of paradise	2,362	"
Indian parrots	228,289	"
Bronze pigeons, including the goura	1,677	"
Tanagers and sundry birds	38,198	"
Humming birds	116,490	"
Jays and kingfishers	48,759	"
Impeyan and other pheasant and jungle fowl	4,952	"
Owls and hawks	7,163	"

Well does the editor of *Natural Science*, an English magazine, say: "The rate at which some of the rarest and most beautiful birds on our planet are being destroyed to gratify this extraordinary taste can hardly be realized." He says further, "It is small consolation to think that there will soon be no more birds to destroy, nor can we overlook the terrible suffering involved by this enormous slaughter."

"The young osprey bereft of its parents left to die in hundreds, the heron with the plumes torn from its back writhing into death. But Frou-frou cares for these things no more than she does for the squalor of East-end sweating-dens. Dear delightful doll that she is, she actually attends a meeting of the Selborne Society with aigrettes in her bonnet."

But I turn from this painful exhibit to something more inspiring and encouraging. In the department of art we in this country at least have reason to rejoice in the completion and full occupancy of three noble buildings dedicated to most noble ends, the library buildings of Chicago, Boston, and the Congressional Library at Washington, each in their own way great achievements, the one at Washington being the most notable building now on this continent and without a doubt the most notable library building on the planet, whether measured by its size, the amount of artistic care, taste and genius lavished in the decoration, or the solidarity and economy and integrity of the structure. When we despair of the republic, of public officers and their administrations let us rest ourselves in the thought of the Congressional Library Building, what it is and how it came to be. Let our tourists be ashamed to seek European achievements in architectural and decorative ways until they have first visited Washington.

This year is also memorable in the realms of art in the completion of the Grant memorial at New York; the unveiling of the Logan monument in Chicago. A most pathetic and inspiring occasion was that last spring when the grizzly remnants of the old first colored regiment of Massachusetts stumped along Beacon Street with their Lieutenant-Colonel at their head, passing the great Shaw memorial, St. Gaudens' masterpiece. It shows Colonel Shaw marching at the head of the colored boys over that same street in 1863 on his way to that baptism of fire at Fort Wagner, where he fell into everlasting glory.

In this connection it is well to remember that the Tennessee Centennial Exposition has rendered to art an immense popular service. If it had done nothing else than to reproduce for the first time (if their claim is correct), in exact proportions the Parthenon, upon the original of which Phidias wrought, it would have made a contribution to art of which 1897 might well be proud.

Turning from art to literature, so far as we can now see there has been no crowning triumph in 1897, no great successes in fiction or poetry. It is true that Thomas Hardy, Marion Crawford, Olive Schreiner, and many other favorites have given us one or more stories. Hall Caine in his "The Christian" seems to have scored a great success, while the Polish Sienkiewicz is being made accessible to English readers by translations, to the delight of the competent. But the pressure of life has driven me to take shelter under Emerson's rule "Read no books that are not a year old," so personally I cannot speak of the achievements in the department of fiction.

As to poetry, it is true that the present Poet Laureate has published a new volume, but the poems as the poet, remain practically unknown and unsung at this distance. Francis Thompson, an English poet, has put out his third volume under the title of "New Poems," which has suggested the question "Has another great poet arisen in England?" The *Edinburgh Review* has called him "a great poet." The public, the final critic, has not yet been heard from. On this side of the water, Harriet Prescott Spoffard and Helen Hinsdale Rich have gathered the verses that have been touching the hearts of people in magazine and newspaper for many years, into attractive volumes. Sam Walter Foss, the poet of homely Yankee life, has given us his "Dreams in Homespun," which shows us that there are those who still see poetry in common things, and lead us to expect something still better to come. William E. Davenport, a clerk in the New York post office, an enthusiastic admirer of Henry Ward Beecher, and a member of the original Plymouth Church in New York, has given us a volume of poetical sermons which shows us that the method if not the genius of Walt Whitman is contagious. The one volume on this side of the water that had a place already made for it is the volume that contains the hitherto uncollected poems of Edmund Clarence Stedman, our first man of letters now in America, the successor, so far as such successions can pass, of James Russell Lowell, critic, poet, patriot. But the one man on the horizon that is still rising, from whom great things have come and greater things expected, is Rudyard Kipling. Two volumes of his poetry have appeared on this side of the water this year, his "Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads" and "The Seven Seas." He seems to be as yet most at home in the dialect of a private soldier in Her Majesty's service. But Kipling is made for better things than this. Already his works up to date have been collected and are being issued in a uniform edition. Perhaps the only poem of the year that is masterful is his "Recessional Hymn," which I read to you at the opening of our service and which seems to be the most creditable production of the Victoria Jubilee occasion.

In the absence of new masters we are grateful for everything that helps us to better know the old ones. The story of Gladstone's life by McCarthy; the life and letters of Tennyson, by his son; the letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the life of Harriet Beecher Stowe, by Mrs. James T. Field, are all welcome books in this direction. The delightful

letters that passed half a century ago between Ralph Waldo Emerson and the young English consumptive John Sterling, have been gathered and published by Mr. Emerson's son, to the delight of all lovers of Emerson.

Of books that help in the study of books there is ever an increasing number. Palgrave left us as his dying gift a second series of the "Golden Treasury," the standard collection of English short poems; and Frederick Lawrence Knowles has given us an American "Golden Treasury" of songs and lyrics. The Boston Browning Society have published a handsome volume of their interpretations of Robert Browning, perhaps the noblest of the kind yet issued. Mrs. Zella Allen Dixon, librarian of the University of Chicago, has given us a subject index to prose fiction which will help the careful student to pick his way through the bewildering forests of romance. Hugh Walker, professor of English literature in St. David's College, Lampeter, Wales, has given us a handbook on the age of Tennyson; Frederick G. Kitton, a bibliographical sketch of the novels of Charles Dickens that will be helpful on lines indicated. We have another volume of "Little Journeys," this one "To the Homes of Famous Women;" and W. N. Guthrie's study of Walt Whitman as a religious and moral teacher. There is a quaint volume of letters between Walt Whitman and Peter Doyle, a young friend and street car conductor and express messenger, under the title of "Calamus." Edwin J. Dunning, a blind lover of Shakespeare, has given us a study of the sonnets and the poems.

In the department of popular science, "The Library of Useful Stories" continues to come, the latest being "The Story of Germ Life and Extinct Civilization," delightful little forty-cent monographs. Clodd has given us a book on the "Pioneers of Evolution from Thales to Huxley," while Sir Archibald Geike, the great geologist who visited Johns Hopkins University this year, left behind him a volume on "The Founders of Geology." The Appletons have given us a library of "Home Reading Books on Natural History;" while a whole line of delightful books have appeared interpreting bird life. It is thus the scientists have been quickened by cruelty to make the most effective plea possible for the feathered songsters, that is, by acquainting us with the marvelous facts of bird life. No less than five of these new books are on my table.

In the field of religious literature, Prof. Joseph Henry Allen has put in English Renan's volume on the "Antichrist," a book that should be read in connection with the all conquering "Quo Vadis." Brinton has given us a study of the "Religions of Primitive People." Paul Carus has given us three books that look into Buddhism. The achievements of the Pennsylvania University explorations in the valley of the Euphrates have been set forth into two beautiful volumes under Professor Peters's hand under the title of "Nippur." Washington Gladden's lectures on "Social Facts and Forces" which were first given in this city under the Ryder foundation, have been put into book form, as have the various essays and addresses of President Eliot of Harvard College, been gathered into a noble volume on "American Contributions to Civilization." And our own busy E. P. Powell gives us a New Year's gift in the shape of his work on "Nullification and Secession in the United States," a book that will teach us to be fair towards those who were on the wrong side of the great struggle that brought on, let us hope, the last and final great war for principle, the war for the freedom of the slave.

But enough of books. There is time left but for a glance at the greater world. Looking abroad upon the checkerboard of nations, there is little in international politics to gladden, except the fortifying thought that the race is tutored by its mistakes and is forced forward by its defeats. We began the year in humiliation over the failure even of the United States to rise to the great opportunity of the Arbitration Treaty with England. We have seen the ineffectual struggle of Crete; the paling fires of Greek strength and enthusiasm. We have heard the groans of suffering Cuba. We have been puzzled by the passion for territorial acquisition in our own country that reaches out for Hawaii. The word of science and the wisdom of the disinterested scientific man have as yet been inadequate to the international solution of even so small a question as that of the seals of our Northern waters, and the year closes with the depressing squabble over China. At home the Greater New York, like the boastful Chicago, has proven inadequate to the demands of righteousness in the state.

In the educational field there are more hopeful notes to sound. Internationalism is working in the realms of knowledge. The British Association of Science has made this year memorable by its visit to Toronto; our own American Association of Science met at Detroit and passed over to shake hands with the English savants. There has been an International Congress of Librarians; the founding of the Cosmopolitan University in America, which will bring the possibilities of high studies to young and old, who must stay at home. The growth of the summer schools on free lines, such as have been realized at Greenacre, Tower Hill, and elsewhere, is significant. The Mothers' Congress, that was held at Washington, may be an epoch-marking event, as it certainly was an unique one. The attendant search for the source and inspiration of reverence is a hopeful note. The continuous interest in social studies, the growing concern for the welfare of the whole, has been most manifest this year. There is a growing corporate conscience manifested. The great coal strike, with its pathetic story of suffering and anxiety, however ill-advised and inefficient, stands over against the brilliancy of the Bradley-Martin vulgarity in the high life of New York, in an impressive way. Both teaching us that there is no justification in this day in democratic America for those awful extremes. Talent and skill and ability are in permanent demand. Wealth is the reward as well as the instrument of such powers, but the time is at hand when it will be seen that no man *has a right* to waste his own substance in riotous living, and no woman has a *moral* right to flaunt her extravagance in the face of a suffering and starving and impecunious public. Every such display of tinsel, every such enwrapping in lace and lawns, however costly, is a destruction of the spiritual ornament of life. It is a confession of inward emptiness, a revelation of moral degeneracy.

Our newspapers have announced the "return of prosperity." But the revelation of untold gold, and the mad rush for the same in Klondike, never can

bring any prosperity worthy the name. It is not purely a question of currency or trade, but a question of morals, of self control, and inward integrity. If 1897 leaves a lesson more profound and fundamental than any other, it is this,—that control, and not dissipation; reserve, and not extravagance; self-denial, and not self-indulgence, bring peace, usefulness, and permanence.

Thus, at last, does our review land us in the religious field, and here, as it seems to me, the signs are most hopeful. It has been a year of Religious Congresses, a new name, which represents religion in its least ecclesiastical form. The Lambeth Congress called together the Episcopalian bishops of the world, and they emphasized the progressive and the inclusive message of love and unity. The King of Siam, the sole Buddhist in the world who wears a crown, representing five million people, has made his European tour, commanding honor and respect among the high and low of the Christian nations. The Indian famine; the return of Dr. Barrows, after his triumphant missionary tour in the Orient; the liberalizing change in the preaching of B. Fay Mills, and the discussion arising therefrom in the newspapers; the adaptation of the great Evangelical Alliance of its machinery to the problems of good citizenship, planning to assist to distribute sixty million tracts on civic subjects through its members on bicycles; the significant meeting of the Liberal Congress of Religions in Nashville, all show that the world is gradually growing weary of dogma and sect, and getting hungry for a little applied religion. The era of practical piety has not yet come. There is much that yet divides and hurts. The Zionistic movement among the Jews, an effort to gather the House of Israel once more together on the hills of Palestine, is to me one of the sad movements of the year. It points to a pathetic cause, the still wicked bigotry of Christianity towards its own mother faith. The cruelty of Europe that crucified a Jew nineteen centuries ago still visiting Golgatha cruelties upon his people. I do not wonder that the patriotic Jews turn as they did in the days of the elder Isaiah, longingly towards Palestine, but the remedy proposed is as discouraging as it is reactionary. The Jew must vindicate himself, not by isolation but by combination. The chasm between Judaism and Christianity must be bridged; the ditch must be filled in; the Jew must lose his Jewish consciousness in the greater consciousness of humanity; the Christian must lose his "Christian" consciousness in the diviner consciousness that becomes sons and daughters of God.

Friends, the world waits upon this experiment, tried by All Souls Church, and others, with anxious heart and with loving sympathy. Are we equal to the task? The church as an embellishment, a decoration, a luxury; the church as a mark of social standing, is not for us. We must go up or down in the interests of a nobler ideal. The church as the home of free thought, as the training-school of the spirit, as the clearing house of ideas, comes in its stead. Such a church waits for our support; such a church does not ask of your overplus, and does not beg of your charity. It cannot and will not thrive on your pity. It asks for that higher justice which it has been the province of Eighteen Hundred Ninety-Seven to make a little more clear.

The Study Table.

STUDIES IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.—By Frank Podmore, M. A., Author of "Apparitions & Thought Transference" G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York. 1897. Cloth, 8vo. $2.50.

Mr. Podmore, the author of this valuable contribution to an important and interesting study, is a member of the Society of Psychical Research, and his book may be regarded as a pretty fair account of the work of the society and the results to which it has attained, though he disclaims any authority to speak for the society. His estimate of the general results is, in fact, different from that of some of his colleagues, who think the evidence justifies a belief "that the human soul can, while still attached to the body, transcend the limits of space and time and the laws of the physical world, and can, after the death of the body, prevail to make its presence known to us here." Mr. Podmore "thinks the evidence too slender and too ambiguous to bear the weight of such tremendous issues," but holds that there are grounds sufficient to justify telepathy as a working hypothesis, the proof of its transcendental nature being still wanting. We have first three chapters on spiritualism, and they are melancholy reading in the main. The first chapter of the three deals with "Spiritualism as a Popular Movement," the second with "The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism," the third with the researches of the Psychical Society, as bearing upon Spiritualism. Mr. Podmore deals in sarcasm more than he should if he is hoping to make a good impression on the spiritualists. Of course, the temptation is immense, especially in regard to the very general disposition of spiritualists to come to the rescue of their gay deceivers and explain away their frauds and insist that they are generally honest, though they are so often caught in one kind of trickery or another. Mr. Podmore allows that much of the fraud is disinterested; he does not seem to us to allow sufficiently for the self-deception of the medium and for hallucinations that are not "fraudulently suggested." The demonstrated incompetence of even trained observers to cope with fraud goes far to convince him of its almost universal implication with the phenomena. It certainly goes far to establish the utter incompetence of the ordinary observer, for whom "seeing is believing," a proverb which is the purest nonsense in this particular field.

A chapter on "Poltergeists" reviews, through a wide range, the accounts of mysterious stone-throwings, bell-ringings, and similar disturbances. The disagreements of the witnesses and the known principles of voluntary and involuntary hallucinations reduce these to their lowest terms, and yet do not, we think, account for them so satisfactorily as Mr. Podmore thinks they do. A chapter on "Madame Blavatsky and Theosophy" is the most entertaining in the book. It does not seem to be denied that she possessed remarkable psychical abilities, but her grossly fraudulent performances, both discovered and acknowledged, make it extremely difficult to draw the line. Very instructive and entertaining are her own instructions for the production of a convincing miracle. The development of democratic spiritualism into aristocratic theosophy suggests some interesting comments. It was Col. Olcott's hope that he should be able by simple

chemical appliances to show the spiritualists "the dreadful shapes of beings whom, in their blindness, they have a thousand times babbled to as returning shapes of their relatives and friends."

Two chapters on telepathy bring us to the conclusion which we have already indicated. "But," says Mr. Podmore, "we know neither the medium by which the telepathic impulse is conveyed, nor the organ by which the impulse is originated or received." It is then, at least, premature to predicate anything supernatural, or even preternatural. Chapters follow upon "Ghosts," "Haunted Houses," "Premonitions and Previsions," "Secondary Consciousness," and "Impersonation, Obsession, and Clairvoyance." The general impression is that all the stories of these things, when thoroughly sifted, leave but little in the sieve, and that even the sifting process is apt to throw a good deal of dust in the eyes of the most careful and conscientious observers. In the last chapter we come to Prof. James's "own white crow," the famous Mrs. Piper who convinces him that all mediums are not so black as they are painted. Her clairvoyance appears to be an indubitable fact, and furnishes the most important evidence yet adduced for something beyond telepathy. In connection with this chapter, and the whole book which it concludes, the reader would do well to consult the last chapter of Prof. William James's "Will To Believe." J. W. C.

Genesis of the Social Conscience.

One of the clear cut books of the day is by Professor H. S. Nash, of the Episcopal Theological School, at Cambridge. It is entitled "Genesis of the Social Conscience," and is published by the Macmillan Co. The quality of the book may be judged from some of the concluding passages. "Every form of political and social organization lays a tax upon the will. And the weight of the tax varies with the breadth of the ideas enshrined within the organization. In an ancient Oriental despotism taxes on property were heavy. But the tax on the *will* was light. The stuff of conscience was small in quantity, because the reach of responsibility was short. In a Greek Democracy the tax on the will was far heavier. The state was not an external authority; on the contrary it was the citizen's larger self; so his responsibilities reached out and multiplied. He was obliged to find himself, and be at home, in a larger number of relationships.

"Modern or universalistic democracy lays on the will the heaviest tax of all. The stuff of conscience is indefinitely great. The sincere believer in Democracy must have a dogmatic conviction that the principles of individuality shall sometime have the widest possible spread. His right to be an individual himself, puts him under the highest conceivable obligation to create individuality in others.

"From what source shall the social will of Democracy draw its food? Within what view of the universe shall it get its breeding? Just as the Christianity of the future must look more and more to the needs of the free State, even so must the free state look more and more towards the free Christian interpretation of life in man and in God; as the Bible bears witness to it. Here is to be the proving ground of the ideals that shall permanently sway mankind. This is the place where church and state are to work out the problem of their relation to one another." The book is not superficial in any sense of the word; but a thorough study of church and state. It will repay you to secure a copy—even if you do not fully agree with the logic. E. P. P.

Minor Notices.

A Transatlantic Chatelaine.—By Helen Choate Prince; published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A delicious book—every one in the house is reading it; full of life and full of goodness. This closing passage gives the spirit of it, "If thou workest at that which is before thee, . . . keeping thy divine part pure, as if thou shouldest be bound to give it back immediately, if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity, according to nature, and with heroic truth in every word and sound that thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this."

Inequality and Progress.—By Prof. George Harris, of Andover Theological Seminary; published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

We noted Dr. Harris' previous work on "Moral Evolution," as a book of extraordinary value. The present volume is one of the essential books of 1897. It deals of the relation of inequality and progress. It should be read with Bellamy's "Equality." It is a manly, sound, and intensely interesting book, that should not have the go-by among those who wish to comprehend the fundamental principles of social life and progress. I place it in the front rank.

Uncle Lishas' Outing.—By Rowland Robinson; published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This book of outings is a thoroughly wholesome book; fresh, bright, humorous, and among other good things, has a first class episode about old slave hunting days. But "Danvis Folks" is Mr. Robinson's best story.

The quaintest as well as most profound and beautiful volume of the season is "Nirvana," written by our philosophical and poetical friend Dr. Paul Carus. It is printed for him by T. Hasegawa, Tokyo, Japan. Count Leo Tolstoi writes of the companion book, Karma, published last year, "I read out this tale to my children, and they liked it. And amongst grown-up people its reading always gave rise to conversation about the gravest problems of life. And, to my mind, it is a very good recommendation." The books teach the higher morals of Buddhism, and are heartily welcome to a place among our preceptors.

The Interest of America in Sea Power.—By Captain A. T. Mahon, Published by Little, Brown & Co.

This is a thoroughly masterful book every way. The several chapters have appeared in the Atlantic, Forum, North American Review, and Harper; and have on publication drawn special attention for the thorough work done. In an age of slipshod statesmanship here is sound logic concerning public affairs. (1) He shows our duty and obligation to look outward as a people and not inward. The maxim of Mr. Blaine that this nation should produce all it consumes is not adequate to natural demands. We must not only produce but have equivalent markets; and the great need of America today is to regain the markets of the world, and rebuild her commercial marine. Our fathers worked on this basis, until the looking-in era began, about

1860, with its extravagant tariffs. And now we have lost our commercial marine, and the market together. (2) Mr. Mahan urges also coast defense and a larger navy. In this we do not entirely agree with him. We believe the true policy is enlarged peace energies. But we may repeat again and again what he says on page 27, that, "while Great Britain is undoubtedly the most formidable of our possible enemies, it must be added that a cordial understanding with that country is one of the first of our external interests. Both nations doubtless, and properly, seek their own advantage; but both also are controlled by a sense of law and justice, drawn from the same source, and deep-rooted in their instincts." But, above all, let the reader thoroughly study the chapter entitled "Twentieth Century Outlook," for it is admirable.

Three books come to us from Copeland and Day, of Boston. They are "Free to Serve," by E. Rayner, a tale of colonial New York; "Meadow Grass, or tales of New England Life," by Alice Brown; and "Patrines," by Louise Imogen Guiney. I will undertake at present no formal review of either of the three, but will say that altogether they constitute three of the most admirable books that I have anywhere met to serve as gift books either at Christmas time, or at any other time. The quality is decidedly above the level of average literature; and the spirit and tone of all is inspiring and helpful.

Some Aspects of the Religious Life of New England.—By George Leon Walker D. D. Published by Silver, Burdett & Co., of Boston.

These are the Carew lectures delivered before the Hartford Theological Seminary in 1896. If any one wishes to know how the world moves in the way of liberal sentiment here is a book to show it. However, it is nothing new to find our theological seminaries the high seat of liberal thought. Their trouble is, and for some time has been, that they are ahead of the churches, and where they try to stand still, refusing to think or see, they grow where Princeton has into mere theology rather than mere morals. The book in hand is a really excellent handbook, covering the rise and decay of Puritanism from 1620 to 1735; the revival of a modified Puritanism from 1725 to 1790; its lapse into two parties, evangelical and liberal, between 1790 and 1830. The author in his summing up chapter frankly says that the orthodox church is absorbing the view of the Universalists, that doctrinal sermons are now a matter of the past, and that other radical changes have permanently taken place. He sees that the Bible, instead of being the volume of ultimate and unquestioning appeal, is now in the view of professors in our theological seminaries and occupants of our pulpits, a volume to be read with a critically discriminating eye. These changes, with others, not so easily appreciated are not left to stand alone. The author does not fail to note the upheaval of a new conception of human love. We all agree that the social side of present Christianity is rather too dominant and the individual side somewhat depressed.

E. P. P.

Never bear more than one trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have ever had, and all they have now, and all they expect to have.—*Edward Everett Hale.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN. Each lip must learn the taste of truth
Each foot must feel its way.
MON. God hath His small interpreters;
The child must teach the man.
TUES.— Beauty seen is never lost,
God's colors all are fast.
WED.— The soul itself its awful witness is.
THURS.—A gift in need, though small indeed,
Is large as earth and rich as heaven.
FRI.— The tares may perish, but the grain
Is not for death.
SAT.— The wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God more plain.

—*John G. Whittier.*

Giving One's Best.

"I think I will give Aunt Miriam the north room. I guess she 'll feel more at home in there; she's been used to having things sort of plain and ordinary all her life, Aunt Miriam has."

Miss Prime, the little dressmaker, looked up at the speaker, who sat seeding raisins in the cool hall. She looked as if she would like to say something if she quite dared, but Miss Prime was a diffident little creature, and Mrs. Laurance was a large, confident sort of person who always knew her own mind, and was fully capable of carrying out her own plans and helping other people about theirs; and then she was such a good woman, just to a half penny in all her dealings, generous to the poor, liberal and ready in all church matters, so good in every way; and yet—if only she would not put Aunt Miriam in the back room, said Miss Prime to herself. But when she spoke she said:

"Let me measure this sleeve once more, please. There, I thought it was a little long;" and while she was carefully trimming the cuff, she said, "I think you told me this lady you expect had always had a sort of hard life, Mrs. Laurance."

"So she has, poor soul! And I do suppose the last four years have been the very worst part of it, for she has just given herself up, body and soul, to taking care of a helpless old man—her stepfather he was, and none too agreeable in his best days; and what he was them last months I guess nobody can realize but her. Two years ago John and I were there for a day or two, and, mercy sake! I thought I should go wild to hear him fret and find fault and order her around; and here she's endured it till this spring. He 's been clean off his mind, though, of late, so I do suppose one could make more allowance for him."

"I think Miriam is such a sweet name," said the dressmaker. "It seems as if the owner of that name must be some one very calm and stately, and yet very gentle and lovely."

"She is; she is really like that. It seems to rest one some way just to see her and hear her talk. John thinks a sight of her; he says she is so much like his mother. Yes, we reckon of her visit a good deal, for she ain't had a chance before in years, and

then we lived up in the Berkshires, so she 's never been to this place at all."

"Do you know, Mrs. Laurance, if I was in your place, I should give Aunt Miriam the front room."

"I want to know! Why would you." The speaker rested her hands on the bowl of raisins while she waited for the answer. Did little Miss Prime dare to criticise the way in which she ordered her house affairs?

"Well, you know I went up there this morning to lay your new dress skirt on the bed, and I could n't help staying a minute or two to look around. It is such a sweet, dainty, lovely room, more so than the parlor, I think. I would love to sleep there." The face of the proud housekeeper softened at these words of praise.

"Yes, it is a lovely room; I 'll own it."

"I noticed everything," went on Miss Prime, "from wall-paper to pin-cushion; and the counterpane and shams and curtains are as pure as the snow."

"Yes, I did have excellent luck doing them up, and the room has n't been used since; though I do go in and stand, as you say you did, and look about pretty near every day."

"And that great easy chair by the window, all covered with white cretonne and wild roses twining all over it—that chair actually held out its arms and begged me to sit in its lap, and look out at the Sound and its white sails." Both women laughed a little at the quaint conceit, and Miss Prime owned: "I did accept its invitation just a breath."

"Why, bless you, child! Take your sewing and go right up and sit there an hour, if it's any pleasure!"

"Not in work hours. I should just idle and look at the street and the Sound; but if I was going to make a visit, same as that lady is coming here, and I should be given a room like that with a warm welcome, I think I should be full of gratitude and delight, and would know what rest means."

"Aunt Miriam is welcome to anything—do n't fancy she is n't. Only, as she is going to stay two or three weeks, a room with plainer things in it might suit her better—that's what I thought; but of course, I want to do what is best all round. John's cousin and her daughters are coming next month, and they 're used to things stylish, and Lawyer Nelson is coming for a night when that Lane suit comes off, and mebby he 'll bring his wife, so you see I was keeping that room spick-and-span."

"I see. I did n't know about them when I spoke; and I was thinking there wasn't much view from the back room."

"No, only some fields and woods, and, to be sure, Aunt Miriam has had such things to look at all her life. To get a glimpse of water will be a treat to her—that is so. That little rise of ground over there is just enough to hide the view of the Sound from this lower floor. I'm always sorry for that. Well, on the whole, I guess I 'll put my first company into my best room, Miss Prime, thanks to you."

"I 'm so glad; only I do n't want you to feel as if I was interfering to be anyways mean. I do n't meddle in general."

"Now, do n't you worry. I am not going to lay it up against you because you 're better at heart than I am. You enter into the needs and feelings of other people, while all the time I 'm thinking how things are going to concern me."

"O, Mrs. Laurance, do n't! I never thought of setting up to be as good as you are, for I could n't be!" and the little dressmaker colored rose-red and looked quite distressed.

"There, there! we won't quarrel over ourselves; and do n't you hurry to get that waist done to-day. I 'll get you an early tea, and when John goes to the depot you can ride along home and come to-morrow and finish that and fix another dress a bit, and see Aunt Miriam, too."

And then the good housewife went out to the kitchen, and while she was beating her cake, she said to herself: "Sarah Ann Laurance, sometimes you think you 're quite a good woman, but you can't hold a candle to that quiet little creature in there. You 're vain and proud, and striving after the praise of fashionable people that do n't care two snaps for you, when you ought to go down on your knees to serve such a saint as Aunt Miriam, and be glad to. I know one thing I 'll do, though. When my other company is all gone and Millie Prime has a slack spell of work, she shall come here for a week's visit and have that front room and take one real rest in her life, poor soul! To think of her living alone in two tiny rooms, folks all dead, and not a dollar, I guess, but her own earnings, and yet so sweet and cheerful, always giving to the church and ready to help anybody; and I 've hardly ever given her a thought, only when I wanted to have some sewing done. Well, I 've a deal to make up to her and some others."

The next afternoon Aunt Miriam and Miss Prime were sitting on the front porch chatting like old and congenial friends. Mrs. Laurance, on her way out to join them, stopped to pick up a bit of lint from the carpet, and heard a few words which made her linger to hear more.

"Last Sunday I read the 'Pilgrim's Progress' through once more, and you may think me fanciful Miss Prime, but it seems as if I myself had got over a hard part of the road, and had come to the Delectable Mountains, or the border of Beulah. I am sure that I slept last night in a chamber called Peace; and this morning I got up at five o'clock—you see I am used to early rising—and I sat at the window for an hour, perhaps, and just feasted my eyes and soul."

"That 's the very thing I thought you would do," said the little dressmaker, with shining eyes.

"Yes, you can't think what a charm that blue, beautiful expanse of water has for one who has lived inland for so many years. God has given us such a beautiful world. How glad people ought to be to travel and see its beauties and wonders! I am so grateful to my friends here who give me their very best. Did you know we were going to the beach this afternoon, Miss Prime, all of us?"

"I shall have to tell her the truth some time," said just Mrs. Laurance. "But dear Aunt Miriam—she is worthy of anybody's best."—*Emma A. Lente, in Zion's Herald.*

There are several ways to speak—to speak well, to speak easily, to speak justly, and to speak at the right moment.

Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm.—*Phillips Brooks.*

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

CHICAGO.—The Independent Liberal church is holding, this week, liberal religious revivals series of meetings at Martine's Academy, No. 333 Hampden court. These meetings were for the purpose of arousing fresh interest among the members and extending a knowledge of our work in the community. Every member and friend of the society was asked to co-operate in this movement.

Wednesday, January 5.

Rev. Rufus A. White, of Stewart Avenue Universalist church: "Liberal Faith and Modern Knowledge."

Thursday, January 6.

Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, of Sinai Congregation: "The Bible in the Light of Modern Research."

Friday, January 7.

Platform meeting. Subject: "The Liberal church." "Its Principles." Rev. T. B. Gregory, of the Church of the Redeemer.

"Its Worship." Rev. F. C. Southworth, of the Third Unitarian Church.

"Its Work." Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of All Souls Church.

Mrs. Woolley's topics for the month of January are as follows:

January 2.—Opportunity: The parable of the talents.

January 9.—Our revival: What Next?

January 16.—The Story of Moses.

January 23.—Judgment Day.

January 30.—"Quo Vadis."

. . . . .

The pulpit of Unity church last Sunday was occupied by Jane Addams, William E. Furnace, chairman of the board of trustees, conducting the devotional exercises.

. . . . .

Jenkin Lloyd Jones is to give a course of six University Extension lectures on "Art in the Poetry of Robert Browning" before the Art Institute of Chicago on successive Thursday afternoons at 4 p.m., beginning January 13th. His topics are as follows: 1. Old Pictures in Florence. 2. Fra Lippo Lippi. 3. Andrea del Sarto and Pictor Ignotus. 4. Francis Furini. 5. Gerard de Lairresse. 6. The Bishop Orders His Tomb at St. Praxed, and the Guardian Angel.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—The weekly calendar of the Church of the Unity is before us, which contains an interesting sketch of the new pastor's, Rev. C. W. Wendte, career, which closes as follows: "His friends and parishioners in Oakland are sorry to part with him, and he declares it to be a severe strain on his own affections. But it seems wisest and best for both the personal and denominational interests involved. Mr. Wendte holds that as he has been settled for eleven years in Oakland, most of the time with double duty as missionary superintendent, he is entitled to the relief which the change in his field of labor will bring him. It was this conviction, combined with the needs and opportunities of the Unitarian situation in Los Angeles, which has induced him to accept the recent flattering call to the pulpit of Unity church. He has spent seventeen years in California, is greatly in love with its scenery and its people, and full of hopeful auguries of its intellectual, social and religious future."

ROCHESTER, N.Y.—Mr. Gannett promptly celebrates the incoming year with the Year Book of the Parish for 1897-8. Like everything that passes through his hands, it is a piece of model printing, but more than that, it is a pamphlet of sixty pages packed tight with thoughtfulness, showing a complex parish which at first sight seems to be a confusion of wheels, but which work harmoniously together toward one end. Mr. Gannett yields or encourages to the full the American passion for organization, and in other hands the profusion of presidents, vice-presidents and secretaries would be in great danger of ending in clash or confusion, but in the hands of one consecrated to details it doubtless adds an element of strength and distributes responsibility. If our parishes were more organized and devoted more to the problems of applied religion, as the Rochester parish, the subdivisions and jealousies of Christendom would be lessened and more people would be glad to work together.

The *Lancet*, London, England, the foremost medical journal of the times, has the following in a recent issue regarding the superiority of Quaker Oats:

"It is well known that, owing to the fat becoming rancid, the flavor of ordinary oat meal deteriorates. In 'Quaker Oats' this flavor would appear to be preserved for an indefinite time. That the oats selected for the rolling process are of a superior quality is evident from the following analysis which we recently made: Starch, etc., 65.77; albuminoids, 15.43; fat, 8.00; mineral matter, 1.35 per cent; moisture, 9.45 per cent. Thus 'Quaker Oats' contain a maximum proportion of each of the food constituents which place the oat above other cereals in regard to nourishing and sustaining value. A glance at the above analysis will serve to show at once that this preparation represents a complete food, and by its peculiar mode of preparation its nutritive qualities are made more available."

In the Same Regiment.

Coffee Seems to be in Very Questionable Company.

Inquiry has developed the fact that about one person in every three has some form of disorder, caused by coffee drinking. They are slow to admit the reason, but find that their trouble leaves them when coffee is left out of their diet.

It makes little matter about the theories, although it is known to physicians and chemists that certain alkaloids exist in coffee in small quantities, the same as found in morphine, whiskey, strychnine and tobacco.

The proof is plain enough that for some reason coffee is a direct poison to very many people. A warm, nourishing, palatable beverage is wanted at breakfast and perhaps at the other meals.

The chocolate, cocoa, etc., fails to fill the want in many cases.

After some hundreds of experiments, extending over a period of about twelve months, the Postum Food Coffee was finally discovered. It is a strictly pure product of the cereals (grains) alone. No coffee, chicory or other ingredients of any sort are contained in it. The color when brewed is the deep seal brown of Mocha which changes to a rich golden brown when cream is added, and the taste is almost identical with the milder and more expensive grades of Java, when boiled *full* 15 minutes after boiling commences.

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By W. C. G.

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"I Had a Friend!"
A Cup of Cold Water.
Wrestling and Blessing.

By J. Ll. J.

Faithfulness.
Tenderness.
The Seamless Robe.
The Divine Benediction.

A FEW PRESS NOTICES.

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. By William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Alfred C. Clark.

This is a very helpful little book to keep on desk or work-table, so that a chapter, page, or mere sentence may be read in the hurried intervals of daily occupation. It is not a manual of devotion. It does not incite to emotional piety, nor to morbid subjective questioning; but it strengthens the soul to "serve God and bless the world." Though some of the titles are followed by texts, they are not elaborated into sermons, but are key-notes to simple and charming essays, full of suggestive thoughts and illustrations which encourage and cheer the heart. They show how every life, however humble or hindered, can be made great and glorious by struggle, faithfulness, and love.

There are eight essays, four by each of the authors. It is hard to choose from them, when all are excellent. Perhaps "Blessed be Drudgery," and "A Cup of Cold Water" will appeal most strongly to many. It is rarely realized, and therefore cannot be too often repeated, that the drudgery which seems to dwarf our lives is the secret of their growth. Life could easily be made beautiful, if each would offer the "cup of water" to the thirsty one near him, and all are thirsting for something.

It is impossible in a few paragraphs to give extracts from a book, every page of which contains sentences worthy of quotation.

There are, indeed, expressions which those whose creed differs from that of the author's would wish omitted, as when "Goethe, Spencer, Agassiz, and Jesus" are grouped together as equal illustrations. It was not necessary to accentuate the bravery of our soldier boys of '61 by casting a slur on the Christian Commission. And it will lessen to some the influence of the high truths in every chapter, that so many of the dear old Bible stories are numbered among myths and legends. But if we look for good, we shall find all the pages full of the spirit of Christ, and true, uplifting teaching is drawn from every Bible incident mentioned. We would gladly have more honor shown to the latter, but, after all, "the Spirit giveth life." Hence (with the exceptions and reservations noted above) we heartily commend the book.—*The National Baptist.*

A BOOK TO HELP ONE LIVE.—"The Faith That Makes Faithful" is a stimulus to the drooping spirit and tired body. Its lines are encouraging to those whose cares and offices are not without alloy, and they are excellent reading for all who have or wish to have a purpose in life. The opening chapter is entitled "Blessed be Drudgery," and the thought therein tends to strengthen one in performing the thousand little things in life's pathway and make them light, that we are accustomed to look upon as grinding drudgery. There are chapters on faithfulness, tenderness, divine benediction, etc. The style is spirited and spiritual, and it is not only a volume for goodly reading, but one that will help us live for purpose and right. It is a collaborate production of Messrs. William Channing Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. The best evidence of its acceptance by the public and its merit is the fact that it has reached its twenty-fifth thousand.—*Books.*

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL is the happy title of a volume of eight sermons by W. C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago. They are discourses entirely devoid of theological significance, and written from the standpoint of ethical and practical teachers, unembarrassed by any of the conventionalities of the popular theology. The discourses are of a high order of excellence, so far as literary form is concerned, and well calculated to help and encourage the reader to make life fruitful, trustful, and blessed. "Blessed be Drudgery," by Mr. Gannett, and "Tenderness" and "The Divine Benediction," by Mr. Jones, are the discourses which have most impressed us, but all are worthy of thought and personal application. The little volume is a very choice addition to our Western sermon literature.—*Universalist.*

FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. Sermons preached by Revs. W. C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Alfred C. Clark of Chicago has just issued a brochure which contains eight sermons, four being preached by Rev. W. C. Gannett on "Blessed be Drudgery," "I Had a Friend," "A Cup of Cold Water," and "Wrestling and Blessing," and the other four by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, on "Faithfulness," "Tenderness," "The Seamless Robe,' and "The Divine Benediction." Thees discourses are of an ennobling, purifying character, full of beautiful sentiment and rich in pathetic incidents that will stir the tenderest emotions. After reading this little work one cherishes a kindlier, gentler feeling for all humanity, and if he is not made better by the chaste and holy spirit that pervades the book he must surely be insensible to the pleading of virtue, and the joy that comes from correct living and the hope of a bright and happy future.

The general title of the volume is "The Faith that Makes Faithful."—*Madison Democrat.*

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. By William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Alfred C. Clark.

This little volume embraces the following essays, or little sermons: "Blessed be Drudgery," "Faithfulness," "I Had a Friend," "Tenderness," "A Cup of Cold Water," "The Seamless Robe," "Wrestling and Blessing," and "The Divine Benediction." Each author has contributed equally to the book, and both have given to the public many beautiful thoughts clothed in beautiful language. The essays are, in part, didactic, and contain reflections upon life in the different subjects treated that are not only interesting, but inspiring. Could the lessons taught be so impressed that they would be heeded, life would be made better for many people whose existence would become less purposeless. The faith found in this volume, if heeded—if made as much a part of the individual as it is a part of the book—will make faithful many who would be much better by having read the essays.—*The Current.*

"Pregnant, pointed, and pithy addresses, calculated to bring religion into closer connection with life."
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We would call the attention of the readers of THE NEW UNITY to the little book, *Kindly Light in Prayer and Praise*, which is advertised elsewhere in this issue. It takes one in a series of thirty-three meditations, through the simple things of nature, up to Nature's God. In so effective and winning a manner does the author entice us along the upward path that it is a little hard to follow his advice to lay the book aside after reading one meditation, taking the thought in that single one to ponder upon, and leaving the rest for another quiet time.

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IN CHRISTENDOM.

By ANDREW DICKSON WHITE, LL.D. (Yale), L.H.D. (Columbia), Ph. Dr. (Jena); late President and Professor of History at Cornell University. 2 vols., 8vo. Cloth, $5.00.

". . . . I simply try to aid in letting the light of historical truth into that decaying mass of outworn thought which attaches the modern world to mediæval conceptions of Christianity, and which still lingers among us — a most serious barrier to religion and morals, and a menace to the whole normal evolution of society. For behind this barrier also the flood is rapidly rising — the flood of increased knowledge and new thought; and this barrier also, though honeycombed and in many places thin, creates a danger — danger of a sudden breaking away, distressing and calamitous, sweeping before it not only outworn creeds and noxious dogmas, but cherished principles and ideals, and even wrenching out most precious religious and moral foundations of the whole social and political fabric. My hope is to aid — even if it be but a little — in the gradual and healthful dissolving away of this mass of unreason, that the stream of 'Religion pure and undefiled' may flow on broad and clear, a blessing to humanity. . . . My belief is, that in the field left to them — their proper field — the clergy will more and more, as they cease to struggle against scientific methods and conclusions, do work even nobler and more beautiful than anything they have heretofore done. And this is saying much. My conviction is that Science, though it has evidently conquered Dogmatic Theology based on Biblical texts and ancient modes of thought, will go hand in hand with Religion; and that, although theological control will continue to diminish, Religion, as seen in the recognition of 'a Power in the universe, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness,' and in the love of God and of our neighbor, will steadily grow stronger and stronger, not only in the American institutions of learning, but in the world at large. Thus may the declaration of Micah as to the requirements of Jehovah, the definition by St. James of 'pure religion and undefiled,' and, above all, the precepts and ideals of the blessed Founder of Christianity himself, be brought to bear more and more effectively on mankind."—*From the Author's Introduction.*

Address **ALFRED C. CLARK,** Publisher,

185 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

THE SAFE SIDE.

A THEISTIC REFUTATION OF THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

By RICHARD M. MITCHELL.

Several hundred million dollars are annually expended in the support of a sentimental, artificial standard of excellence, having no connection with any question of ethics, its doctrines being mere adaptations to a pretended phenomenon that never occurred. This condition is continued only through the enormous power of widely extended inherited ideas, and (in decreasing numbers and degrees) inherited monomania originating in late three centuries of a doctrinal reign of terror. It is a study of human nature and in that neglected field—in the Safe Side—the underlying motives of much that actuated Paul and the gospel writers are clearly traced: those relating to John the Baptist; the origin of the Fourth Gospel; the Teachings of Christ; and Inertia of Ideas—are of especial interest. The book is printed on best laid paper, cloth binding, 475 pages, 12mo. Price $1.20 delivered prepaid to all points by mail or express.

LETTERS AND REVIEWS.

"The Safe Side," a Challenge to the Clergy.

Under the above title Mr. Richard M. Mitchell of this city has written and published a volume of 475 pages, containing what he claims to be "a theistic refutation of the divinity of Christ." The book seems to be written as a challenge to the clergy, as it attacks rather strongly the orthodox doctrine as laid down by both Protestant and Catholic clergymen. And looking at it from this standpoint the laity have no need to concern themselves with its contents.

The author's argument is in brief that the testimony as to the divinity of Christ lies wholly within the New Testament. Outside of that book and its accompanying uncanonical gospels he is not mentioned by any writer till long after his death. "There is a gap of more than a hundred years in which there is no further account of the rise and progress of Christianity." But the different portions of that volume were written at various dates after the death of Christ, and after interests and difficulties had arisen to influence the writers and become the cause of doctrines not thought of by Christ. Prominent among these influences is the fact that for a long time the disciples had all things in common, which gave a personal interest in the movement as soon as others than the poor joined it. For a long time the church supplied more numerous and desirable offices than the civil government. All documents bearing on the early history of the church, were for centuries under the care of those who would not hesitate at interpolation and suppression to perpetuate that which supported and magnified their office. The noted forgery about Jesus Christ inserted in the works of Josephus is an illustration of what they could and would do. The gospel of Peter is one of the oldest Christian writings, and virtually it was the original New Testament. A large number of copies were in use about A. D. 190, and the disappearance of the gospel following such general use can be explained only through intentional suppression. We have positive evidence that the church destroyed it, for there are accounts of at least one Bishop (Serapion) being busily engaged in that very work. Next to the gospel of Peter we would suppose that the gospel of James would have been preserved, but it is numbered with the lost, together with the gospel of Paul, the Oracles of Christ, and very many other gospels and writings. For those that have been preserved it is important to remember that the date of the oldest manuscript is conjectural, and "in no instance can they be traced back to within hundreds of years of the supposed date."

The accounts of Jesus were traditional for a generation or two. His followers did not think it necessary to write his history, as the kingdom of heaven was daily expected. Of those who saw and directly testified of Jesus only the most credulous ever believed in him, and "those who knew him best repudiated his divine pretensions." If some of the events described in the gospels were possible their performance would have produced a widespread sensation far greater than is represented—the resurrection of Lazarus, for instance. The exceedingly short account of Christ is not a source of weakness, but of strength. The little that is known of him has left full play for the imagination of devout followers. But if it were necessary to send him here to save the world it was equally necessary that the acts which were to save it should be accurately recorded for the benefit of all time. Or if the world could be saved without a record of the acts of the one sent to save it why do we have the New Testament at all? Between the imagination and the allegory nothing substantial has been left to combat. It has withstood the test of time not because it is like a rock but because it is like a vapor.

The conversation with the woman of Samaria, the instructions given to the twelve and the disciples when they were sent forth only to "the lost sheep of the house of Israel," and other passages, are cited in support of the belief that Jesus never intended to preach to any other than Jews, and that b t for Paul salvation through him would not have been preached to the Gentiles. (He asks, May not this be adduced as possible cause for the suppression of the Gospel of Peter?) Mr. Mitchell says neither of the synoptic gospels tells that John the Baptist acknowledged Jesus to be his superior, and holds that the Gospel of John must have been written long afterwards, for the purpose of supplying this omission, this being necessary because "in the Acts of the Apostles it is disclosed that long after the death of Christ there were followers of John the Baptist, and it is evident that when the fourth gospel was written there were those who asserted that John did not acknowledge Jesus as the superior." "John" exhibits a studied effort to cover this point, "but over-does the work, and through excess of zeal furnishes evidence of untrustworthiness." John the Baptist was the most important man among the Christians after Christ, and if he had taken the position claimed for him it would have been natural for Paul to write much of him, particularly in the Epistle to the Hebrews. But Paul makes no allusion to him in that epistle, and seldom does anywhere.

In the chapter on Josephus the author dwells at some length on previously advanced reasons for the claim that the chief passage in the writings of the Jewish historian relating to Jesus was an interpolation and probably perpetrated by Eusebius. It says Josephus wrote his histories about the time or before the earliest uncanonical gospels were written, and was as old as any of the writers of these gospels. "He comments favorably of John the Baptist, and equally well of the Essenes, but, as for the wonderful events recorded in the New Testament he knew nothing, for there had been no such events." As late as the ninth century Photius, Patriarch of Constantinople, wrote of Justus (who held office in Galilee during the same time Josephus did), that "he makes not the least mention of the appearance of Christ or of what things had happened to him." Mr. Mitchell claims that the only other supposed reference to Jesus in the works of Josephus was not to him at all—that he wrote about James "the son of Damneus," and not the brother of Jesus "who was called Christ."

The chapters about Paul present some radical conclusions. The apostle of the Gentiles did not admit any authority over himself by the other apostles. Not till three years after his conversion did he go to Jerusalem, and then only saw Peter and James. He did not go there again till fourteen years later, and then not to consult, but to communicate to them that gospel which he had preached among the Gentiles. That is to say, he was "sent by the Almighty to instruct those apostles who had been taught by Christ." And then he quarreled with Peter. "There is no room to question the fact that Jesus first, and Peter and all the apostles except Paul, afterward, never consented to the admission into the church of any but circumcised Jews." The Gentile question was the rock upon which they split. "It was that which caused the suppression of the works of Peter and the other apostles by the Gentile church in later times, and caused their otherwise superior position to be superseded by that of Paul." And "Paul knew nothing of the ascension; it had not been thought of in his time. He often spoke of the resurrection, and always had reference to it only when alluding to Jesus having risen."

"The Safe Side" is written from what may be described as the most agnostic position possible within the range of Unitarian views. It presents a great number of "nuts to crack" by those students of the scriptures and the history of the the church who have gone over the ground for themselves, and are credited with the ability to pass judgment upon the arguments for and against "the faith as once delivered to the saints." It is not a book that can be safely recommended for miscellaneous reading, for the sincere Christian layman would not feel justified in accepting many of the statements as to fact or the deductions made in regard to them, without consulting some one of the clerical pillars of the faith, whose studies have carried him over the whole ground, including the "side" which Mr. Mitchell seems to think is not the safe one. But the work should be read by doctors of the church and able, educated ministers of the gospel who possess superior knowledge of the subject, which entitles them to speak with authority, and combat for the benefit of the laity the objections raised by the "higher critics" like Mitchell, who deny that the Bible is an inspired revelation and all its statements are true ones. We doubt not that the allegations and arguments advanced by Mr. Mitchell are answerable and explainable to reasonable minds. At the same time it is not a book to be commended to the perusal of any except those who have made a thorough study of the subject which it discusses.—*Chicago Tribune.*

From Prof. O. B. Frothingham, Boston.

The book has been received and perused. Allow me to thank you for sending it to me as one capable of judging its argument. I find it original and able. Its frankness, outspokenness, boldness, interest me greatly. It goes to the roots of the matter. It has long been my conviction that the belief in the deity of Christ was the essence of Christianity; that the religion must fall with this; that a revision of doctrine, history, pyschology becomes necessary. This you have undertaken. I may differ here and there from you, but on incidental points only, where you may be right. On the main drift of your essay my sympathies are entirely with you. You have learning, thought, insight, on your side, and I think this volume will attract attention by the honesty with which it presents the claims of reason and avows the the good results of obeying the natural laws of the mind. You do a service in printing it. I would advise its wide circulation.

From "Review of Reviews," New York.

The present time is one of great religious discussion in America as elsewhere. Books are written from every conceivable standpoint, and the candid student of religious problems will welcome every honest effort at their solution, while not yielding his own individual right of judgment. Mr. Mitchell's work is an attack upon Christianity—its bible, its church, its doctrine, its founder. Firmly fixed in the belief of a divine existence and the necessity for a religious life in man, the author presents the thesis: The divinity of Christ can be disproved; being disproved, the whole Christian system falls. Mr. Mitchell has been a thorough student of recent biblical criticism and he uses its results freely. He goes far beyond the conservative Unitarian position, for he attacks even the ethical teaching of Jesus. Many orthodox readers will sympathize somewhat with the view Mr. Mitchell takes of the clergy. He emphasises strongly the great amount of social wealth which yearly goes to support church "club-houses" and the ministry, which to him seems a serious waste. Generally speaking the volume has been produced in a spirit of great candor. Throughout it is ably written, in clear, fitting language. * * *

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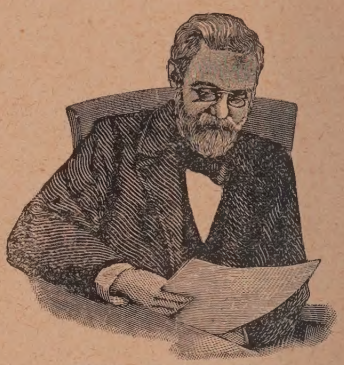

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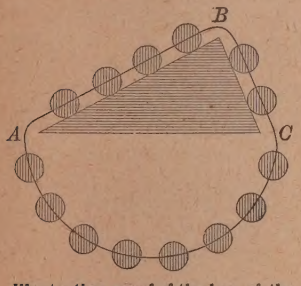

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